

ANNA GOULD AT LAST WINS HIGH ESTATE

After a Campaign of Many Unhappy Years, During Which, In Spite of Her Millions, She Was Threatened With Social Ostracism, She Has Become the Popular Duchess of Talleyrand, and One of the Reputed Leaders of Parisian Society



THE DUCHESS OF TALLEYRAND
FORMERLY DUKESS OF TALLEYRAND

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ANNA GOULD, former Countess de Castellane, Princess de Sagan, finally has achieved the aim of years of social battle. She is now the Duchess of Talleyrand, and as such she at last becomes one of the foremost leaders of Parisian society.

Prince de Sagan is the hereditary Duke of Talleyrand. When his father died recently De Sagan became the fifth duke of that name. As the mere Prince de Sagan he was looked upon as an outsider by the highest society of the French capital. But as the Duke of Talleyrand he occupies an honored place second to none, and his duchess, the former Anna Gould, triumphantly enters into a position which for years her millions and efforts have failed to achieve.

The Gould millions wouldn't do it. Count Boni de Castellane's titles wouldn't do it. The royal title of the thoroughly discredited Prince de Sagan wouldn't do it. But the old, aristocratic name, Duchess of Talleyrand, opened the door. The siege of Paris, which Anna Gould started when she married Boni, is a success at last, and the Gould millions finally have the opportunity to fete the highest people in France.

Social Ostracism Apparent Fate. It has been a long siege and a hard one. Up to the present time it has appeared that it was going to be a losing one for Anna. Social ostracism has stared her in the face and out of countenance. Her original marriage, with Count Boni, proved a disappointment. No royal doors swung open to the Countess de Castellane, not even when the name was backed with good American dollars. The count had his own circle, but, alas and alack! it wasn't the circle that Anna Gould had figured on entering when she became his wife. The best society of France did not receive her with acclaim, and Anna was disappointed and hurt.

Perhaps it is not fair to say that this, the failure of the count's titles to win her the position in European society that she coveted, was the cause of the rupture and final divorce between her and Boni, but it is certain that after the countess had discovered that so far as social standing was concerned her position as Countess de Castellane was but little improved beyond that of mere Anna Gould her respect for the dapper little count and his family began to decline. It was a shock.

Boni Popular in Some Quarters. "Boni!" said a certain duchess of a noble French family. "His influence among the ladies of the ballet is unquestionable; he can go anywhere there. Also he is extremely popular among the jewelers and other tradesmen of the Rue de la Paix; he owes them all money. But could he come to my house? No, no; one really must draw the line somewhere, is it not so?"

It was a cruel blow to Anna, a surprise to the Americans "in the know." That dollars can buy their way into any society in this country was one of the Gould maxims; and that title, no matter how much disgraced, no matter in what bad odor, would secure entrance to the homes of continental aristocracy was another accepted opinion, especially when the titles were backed by a fortune such as belonged to Anna Gould. The Countess de Castellane came to Paris with Boni at her side, her father's millions behind her, and—so she thought—the conquest of the French capital at her feet. It was a second invasion, but it did not meet with the success that attended that of the Germans in '71. The rue aristocracy, proud and haughty with the haughtiness that comes from centuries of the best blood of France, took one look at Anna through its long, thin noses, and said:

"How truly unfortunate that she should have married that odious and utterly discredited Boni. With a proper husband she would be eminently acceptable, and—who knows?—might in time become a craze."

Count at Least Scores Success. The count, being long accustomed to being snubbed by the society leaders of his country, and having recognized and accepted the position on the fringe of the half world that society had allotted to him, accepted this treatment as a matter of course, used the Gould millions to rehabilitate the Castellane castles and villas, paid some of his most pressing creditors, and started in to enjoy that part of Parisian life which was open to him and where he knew that he belonged.

With his credit reestablished, his standing with restaurateurs, wine agents, jewelers, and other tradesmen once more assured, he began to cut a dash in the society to which he was accustomed. The women of the theater welcomed him with open arms. He was a brilliant success. He had conquered his part of Paris.

But his part was not the part that his countess desired to enter. While Boni was flinging her money away in riotous entertainments for his latest favorites the countess remained at home, angry because the highest society had not stretched forth the hand of welcome. Boni, as happy as only a Parisian can be with the money sufficient to make him popular in the capital, could not understand. Thus came the first parting of the ways. Anna grew wroth. She intimated to Boni that it was high time he began to use his influence to secure for them a fixed position in high society. It is rumored that she even intimated that it might be hard for him to continue to spend money unless he adopted such a course.

Boni's Efforts of Little Effect. Like the polite and obliging Frenchman that he was, Boni responded to the demands of his wife with a vim. He went to his most influential friends, he demanded in the name of De Castellane and the Gould millions that they assist him in securing entrance for his countess among the best people. They likewise responded with great willingness. A few minor duchesses were influenced to give balls and receptions in honor of the American heiress. Anna herself gave gorgeous affairs. It was a strenuous siege. The Gould money flowed like water, but his flow was not sufficient to wipe away the barrier that society had erected against the assaults of Boni. Anna gave up the fight, and soon after rumors of differences between herself and the count began to be known.

The eventual result of these differences the world knows. Disappointed in Boni as a man and as a titled being, the countess began to devote herself to their two children. Boni, quite content with such an arrangement, went elsewhere. The pretense of a home was kept up, but Boni and Anna had ceased to be man and wife. At the same time the countess gave up for the time being her siege of Paris and lived a quiet, uneventful existence until the De Sagan affair.

This was the second stage in the new siege of Paris. The Prince de Sagan, being Boni's own cousin, was one of the persons who strove to assist Anna in breaking through the barrier of reserve that hedges around French aristocracy. He was one of those who heeded Boni's appeal and used such influence as he had to force from his friends invitations to the new countess. And it was his hearty efforts along this line, his sympathy for the countess struggling for recognition under the handicap of Boni's reputation, that first won him the regard of Anna.

Way Cleared for His Courtship. "After all," said he, "what is social eminence but to be a shining mark for the misfortunes that attend the mighty? Were it not better, more conducive to happiness, for two souls between whom exists a mutual bond to make their own happiness without troubling about society. Two hearts that understand one another, alone in a villa in the country, away from such sordid self-seeking as exists in this city—ah! such is the ideal existence." Little by little the countess began to think that way, too. At the same time it is said that she never overlooked the fact that the Prince de Sagan, even if he was in debt up to his ears, was in infinitely better standing than poor Boni de Castellane. There were at least a few of the high houses in Paris open to the prince; they were all shut to Boni. Again, it was said that De Sagan, while no angel, was a better man than Boni. He was esteemed and respected by many worthy people. Would it not be possible, with the De Sagan holdings and titles rehabilitated by her money, once more to lay siege to Paris—and win?

Why not? It had only been Boni's reputation that had kept her from attaining her heart's desire—social leadership in the capital. Behind him her money had been useless. But with De Sagan, how different it might be.

The subsequent courtship of the prince, his fight with Boni, Anna's flight to America, the prince's following, the strenuous objections of Anna's brother, and the sudden marriage of the Prince and Anna while the scandal of the affair was at white heat, all are well known to every newspaper reader in the world. The couple went to Italy to spend their honeymoon. After a stay they returned to Paris. And then came shock No. 2 for Anna, now Princess de Sagan.

Society Open in Its Disapproval. To her amazement the social leaders of Paris had been shocked at her affair with De Sagan. The aristocrats, considered the most lenient in the world in matters matrimonial, did not approve of the divorce and remarriage under the circumstances. They went further than before; they made no effort to hide the fact that for their sections the Prince and Princess de Sagan had been sent to social Coventry.

The birth of a child to the pair did little to soften the attitude of the haughty toward them. They still were outcasts from the highest walks of Paris.

Then the prince's father, the Duke of Talleyrand, died. The prince inherited the title. The inheritance brought nothing else with it, for the old duke long had been in hopeless debt and had existed on a pittance of \$5,000 a year. But the title—ah, that was the thing. It opened doors that nothing else could force.

"The Duke and Duchess of Talleyrand," announced the footmen, and society's portals opened and they walked right in. For the title Duchess of Talleyrand is one of the proudest in all Europe, and she who bears it must be acknowledged a social queen, no matter what has gone before. The title was first given to the great Talleyrand, and since his time all its bearers have been persona grata even with the proverbial crowned heads of Europe.

So Anna Gould has triumphed at last. What Jay Gould's millions could not do, what the successive titles of countess and princess could not do, the death of an old man, and the subsequent inheritance of a title by his son, has accomplished. The siege of Paris becomes a victory, and Anna today is one of the foremost leaders of Parisian society.

Tan in the Tropics. Some whites in the tropics do not tan, but take on a peculiar whitish color, even when the blood is strong and healthy. This is strikingly true in damp, hot places, and one sees some of the whitest people of Barbados.

First English Horse Race. Chester, England, claims to be the birthplace of English horse racing, and its first contest was in 1609, when three bells were hung up as a prize by the mayor.

TEN YEARS OF SUFFERING. Restored to Last to Perfect Health by Doan's Kidney Pills.

Mrs. Narcissa Waggoner, Carterville, Ill., says: "For over ten years I suffered terribly with backaches, headaches, nervous and dizzy spells. The kidney secretions were unnatural and gave me great trouble. One day I suddenly fell on the floor, where I lay for a long time unconscious. Three doctors who treated me diagnosed my case as paralysis and said they could do nothing more for me. As a last resort, I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and was permanently cured. I am stronger than before in years. Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y."

SOMETIMES.



Henderson—When a man marries he keeps his wife in dresses, hats, shoes—in fact, everything she needs. What does a wife keep her husband in?

Hespeck (absently)—Hot water.

In the Desert.

Here is a glimpse of the horrors of a western desert taken from the Goldfield (Nev.) News: "Another desert victim is reported, and Archie Campbell, manager of the Last Chance mining property, near Death valley, came to Goldfield yesterday to endeavor to establish the identity of the unfortunate."

"Mr. Campbell encountered the unknown man on the desert in a frightful condition. He was in the last stages of desert exhaustion, devoid of clothing, sunburned, blistered and crazed, with his tongue swollen enormously, a pitiable object, and unable to speak."

"He was tenderly conveyed to camp but kind aid came too late, for an hour after he had absorbed the first cup of water he expired."

LEG A MASS OF HUMOR

"About seven years ago a small abrasion appeared on my right leg just above my ankle. It irritated me so that I began to scratch it, and it began to spread until my leg from my ankle to the knee was one solid scale like a scab. The irritation was always worse at night and would not allow me to sleep, or my wife either, and it was completely undermining our health. I lost fifty pounds in weight and was almost out of my mind with pain and chagrin as no matter where the irritation came, at work, on the street or in the presence of company, I would have to scratch it until I had the blood running down into my shoe. I simply cannot describe my suffering during those seven years. The pain, mortification, loss of sleep, both to myself and wife is simply indescribable on paper and one has to experience it to know what it is."

"I tried all kinds of doctors and remedies but I might as well have thrown my money down a sewer. They would dry up for a little while and fill me with hope only to break out again just as bad if not worse. I had given up hope of ever being cured when I was induced by my wife to give the Cuticura Remedies a trial. After taking the Cuticura Remedies for a little while I began to see a change, and after taking a dozen bottles of Cuticura Resolvent in conjunction with the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, the trouble had entirely disappeared and my leg was as fine as the day I was born. Now after a lapse of six months with no signs of a recurrence I feel perfectly safe in extending to you my heartfelt thanks for the good the Cuticura Remedies have done for me. I shall always recommend them to my friends. W. H. White, 312 E. Cabot St., Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 4 and Apr. 18, 1909."

Opinions Altered.

"Were the commencement exercises interesting?"

"Very. The time was divided between advice from public men on the selection of a career and suggestions from graduates on how to run the government."

Blest Be Nothing.

Wife—The doctor writes that in view of our poor circumstances he will not present his bill immediately. Artist—We are lucky that our circumstances are no better; if they were, we might have to pay at once!

The lamb that plays around a mint bed tempts fate.

Lewis' Single Binder gives a man what he wants, a rich, mellow-tasting cigar.

Many a man who stops to think twice fails to act once.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets first put up 40 years ago. They regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated tiny granules.

Better a nagless wife than a horseless carriage.

THE DOCTOR'S IDEA.



Invalid—Doctor, I must positively insist upon knowing the worst. Dr. Wise—Well, I guess my bill will be about \$85.

Had Lost Faith In Doctors and Medicines

"I wish to thank you for the sample of Resinol Soap sent me several weeks ago," writes Mrs. M. F. Clemmer, Sunbury, Pa. "At that time my baby's face was like a raw and bleeding piece of meat. Medicine from three different physicians, besides various salves recommended by friends, all seemed to make the Eczema worse. Then another mother recommended Resinol Ointment which I procured at once, although I had no more faith in it than in the rest I had tried; but never did I spend fifty cents to better advantage. The first and second days I noticed a remarkable change, and now at the end of the third week, my pretty blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked baby is perfectly well again. I think the cure was surely something remarkable. Resinol Ointment and Soap did in three weeks what everything else failed to do in four months. My baby had been positively disfigured, now his complexion is all right again."

Resinol Ointment cures all skin troubles, from pimples to the most disfiguring eruptions and rashes. The first application stops the intense itching of Eczema, itching Piles, Pruritus, etc., and subdues the pain of a burn or scald instantaneously. It is sold in every leading drug store in the world.

Booklet on Care of the Skin and Complexion sent free. Write for it. Resinol Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

Keeping It Dry.

An old woman of a wealthy New Jersey family was going visiting. The coachman, who had not been in this country long, had just been equipped with a new uniform and a new silk hat. Before they had gone far it began to sprinkle, and the old woman told the coachman to fasten down the side curtains of the wagonette. He drove up to a ditching post beside the road and, dismounting, hung his new hat on the post, and began to fasten the curtains.

The old woman noticed his bare head and asked him where his hat was.

"Oh, took it off me head, mum, so as it wouldn't get wet," the coachman replied.

Another Tradition Exploded.

Two Englishmen were resting at the "Red Horse Inn" at Stratford-on-Avon. One of them discovered a print picturing a low tumbling building under a night which was printed: "The House in Which Shakespeare Was Born." Turning to his friend in mild surprise he pointed to the print. His friend exhibited equal surprise, and called a waiter, who assured them of the accuracy of the inscription.

"Pon my word," said the observing Englishman, shaking his head dubiously, "I thought he was born in a manger!"—Success Magazine.

Try This, This Summer.

The very next time you're hot, tired or thirsty, step up to a soda fountain and get a glass of Coca-Cola. It will cool you off, relieve your bodily and mental fatigue and quench your thirst delightfully. At soda fountains or carbonated in bottles—5c everywhere. Delicious, refreshing and wholesome. Send to the Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga., for their free booklet "The Truth About Coca-Cola." Tells what Coca-Cola is and why it is so delicious, refreshing and thirst-quenching. And send 2c stamp for the Coca-Cola Baseball Record Book for 1910—contains the famous poem "Casey At The Bat," records, schedules for both leagues and other valuable baseball information compiled by authorities.

One Side Enough.

Senator William Alden Smith tells of an Irish justice of the peace out in Michigan. In a trial the evidence was all in and the plaintiff's attorney had made a long and very eloquent argument, when the lawyer acting for the defense arose.

"What are you doing?" asked the justice, as the lawyer began.

"Going to present our side of the case."

"I don't want to hear both sides argued. It has a tendency to confuse the court."—Washingtonian.

And They Wondered!

Judge Nicholas Longworth, who used to sit on Ohio's supreme bench, looked naturally grave, and a neighbor, in recognition of his facial depression, named a pet owl "Judge Longworth." It was the very next day that an excited maid broke up his wife's garden party. "Oh, madam," said she. "Madam! Judge Longworth has laid an egg."

Force of Habit.

Little Girl—Mummy! (No answer.) Mummy! Are those swallows? Mummy (deep in her book)—Yes, dear. Don't touch them.—Punch.

There can be no greater mistake than to suppose that the man with \$1,000,000 is a million times happier than the man with one dollar.

Armour's Fertilizers

Increase the yield—Improve the quality—Enrich the soil. Every harvest proves it. Can you afford to risk your wheat? Be safe.

Armour's Fertilizers

grow the biggest crops. Ask your dealer.

Armour Fertilizer Works
Chicago

MISUNDERSTOOD HIM.



"My friend," said the solemn man on the railroad train, "do you drink intoxicating liquors?"

"Sure!" cried the convivial chap. "Much obliged for the invitation. Got a flask with you?"

Quotation Marks.

Senator Beveridge, in an after-dinner speech in Cleveland, said of a corrupt politician:

"The man's excuse is as absurd as the excuse that a certain minister offered on being convicted of plagiarism."

"Brethren," said this minister, "it is true that I occasionally borrow for my sermons, but I always acknowledge the fact in the pulpit by raising two fingers at the beginning and two at the end of the borrowed matter, thus indicating that it is quoted."

Advice.

"Doctor," called little Bingle, over his telephone, "my wife has lost her voice. What the Dickens shall I do?"

"Why," said the doctor, gravely, "if I were you I'd remember the fact when Thanksgiving day comes around, and act accordingly."

Whereupon the doctor chuckled as he charged little Bingle \$2 for professional services.—Harper's Weekly.

The Summer Girl.

"How'd you like to be engaged to a millionaire?"

"I was engaged to one all last summer, and he seldom spent a dime. I want to be engaged to a young man who is down here for two weeks with about \$300 in his roll."

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. H. H. Fletcher*. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

He is a good time-saver that finds out the fittest opportunity for every action.—Thomas Fuller.

A woman may or may not try to avoid muddy crossings; it all depends upon her understanding.

There are imitations, don't be fooled. Ask for Lewis' Binder cigar for 5c.

Statistics are almost as unsatisfactory as facts are stubborn.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, soothes.

A woman tells her troubles to a doctor; a man tells his to a lawyer.

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